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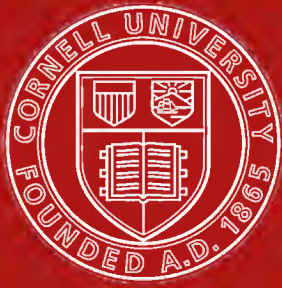
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# THE RUBAIYÁT OF OMAR KHAYYÁM

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE  
BY EDWARD FITZGERALD; WITH  
ILLUSTRATIONS PHOTOGRAPHED FROM  
LIFE STUDIES BY ADELAIDE HANSCOM  
AND BLANCHE CUMMING



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ADELAIDE HANSCOM AND BLANCHE CUMMING  
EXPRESS THEIR GRATITUDE TO JOAQUIN MILLER,  
GEORGE STERLING, GEORGE W. JAMES AND OTHERS  
WHO HAVE RENDERED VALUABLE ASSISTANCE IN  
POSING FOR THESE ILLUSTRATIONS, AND TO ORLOF  
ORLOW FOR COSTUMES AND INFORMATION ON  
PERSIAN SYMBOLISM.





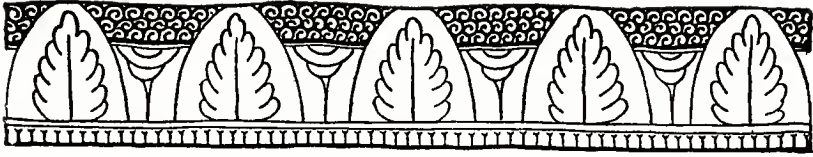










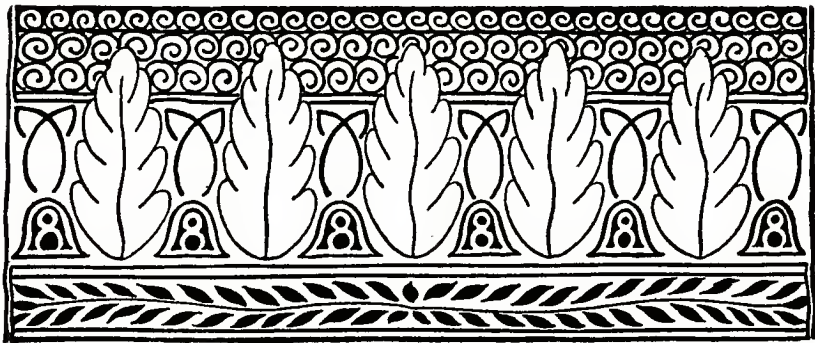


THE RUBÁIYÁT OF  
OMAR KHAYYÁM

---

I

**W**AKE! For the Sun who scatter'd into flight  
The Stars before him from the Field of  
Night,  
Drives Night along with them from Heav'n,  
and strikes  
The Sultán's Turret with a Shaft of Light.





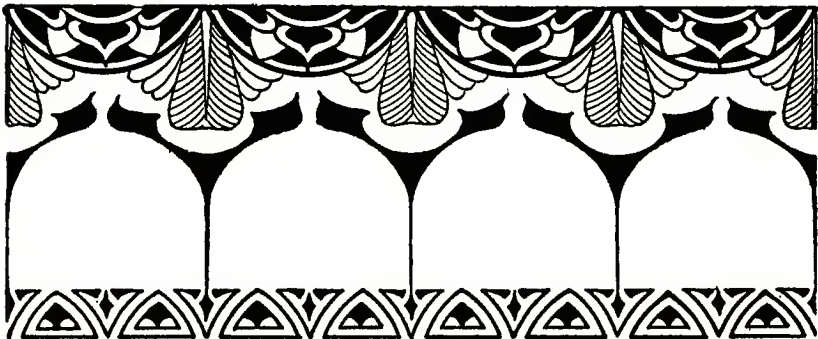


## II

**B**EFORE the phantom of False morning died,  
Methought a Voice within the Tavern cried,  
“When all the temple is prepared within,  
Why nods the drowsy Worshipper outside?”

## III

**A**ND, as the Cock crew, those who stood before  
The Tavern shouted— “Open then the Door!  
You know how little while we have to stay,  
And, once departed, may return no more.”

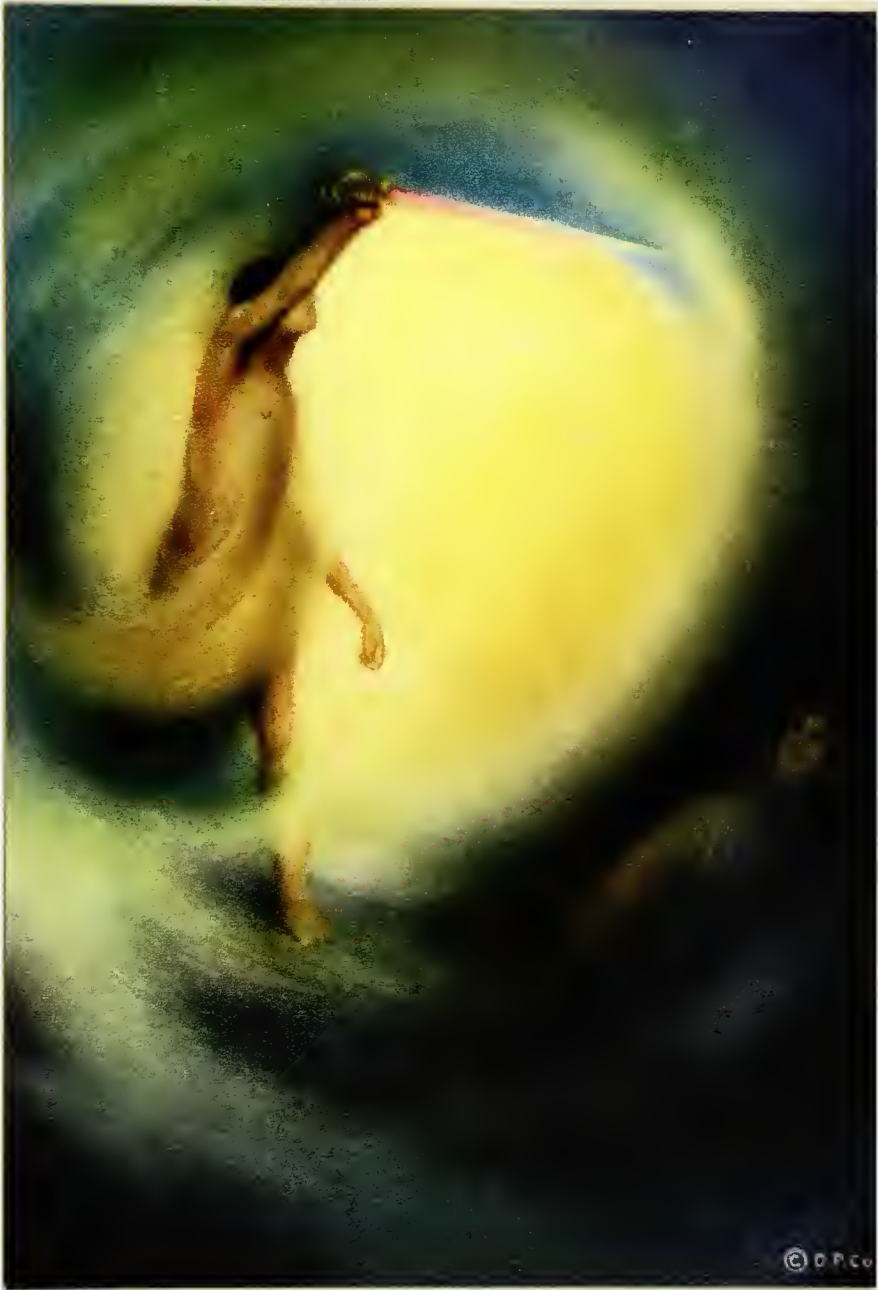




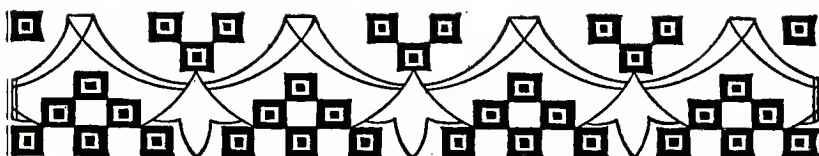










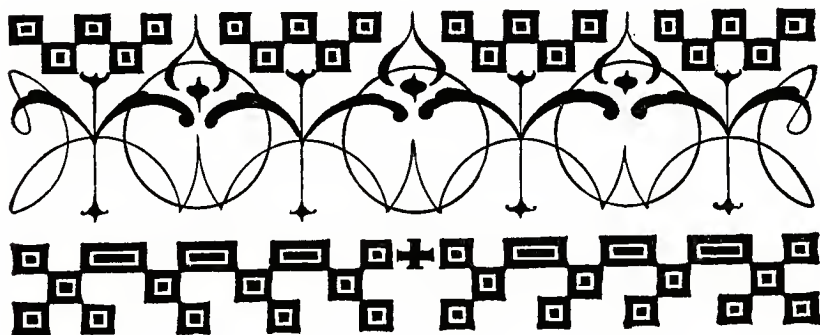


#### IV

**N**OW the New Year reviving old Desires,  
The thoughtful Soul to Solitude retires,  
Where the White Hand of Moses on the Bough  
Puts out, and Jesus from the ground suspire.

#### V

**I**RAM indeed is gone with all his Rose,  
And Jamshyd's Sev'n-ring'd Cup where no one  
knows;  
But still a Ruby kindles in the Vine,  
And many a garden by the water blows.





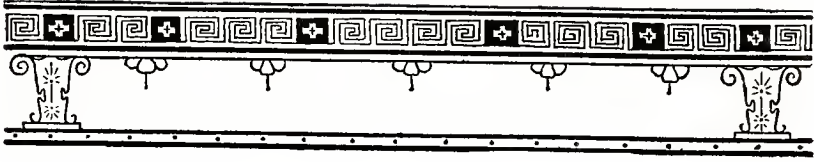










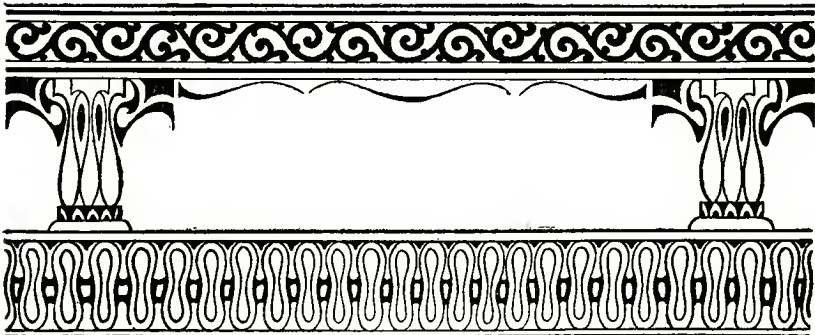


## VI

**A**ND David's lips are lockt; but in divine  
High-piping Pehlevi, with "Wine! Wine!  
Wine!  
Red Wine!" —the Nightingale cries to the Rose  
That sallow cheek of hers t' incarnadine.

## VII

**C**OME, fill the Cup, and in the fire of Spring  
Your Winter-garment of Repentance fling:  
The Bird of time has but a little way  
To flutter—and the Bird is on the Wing.

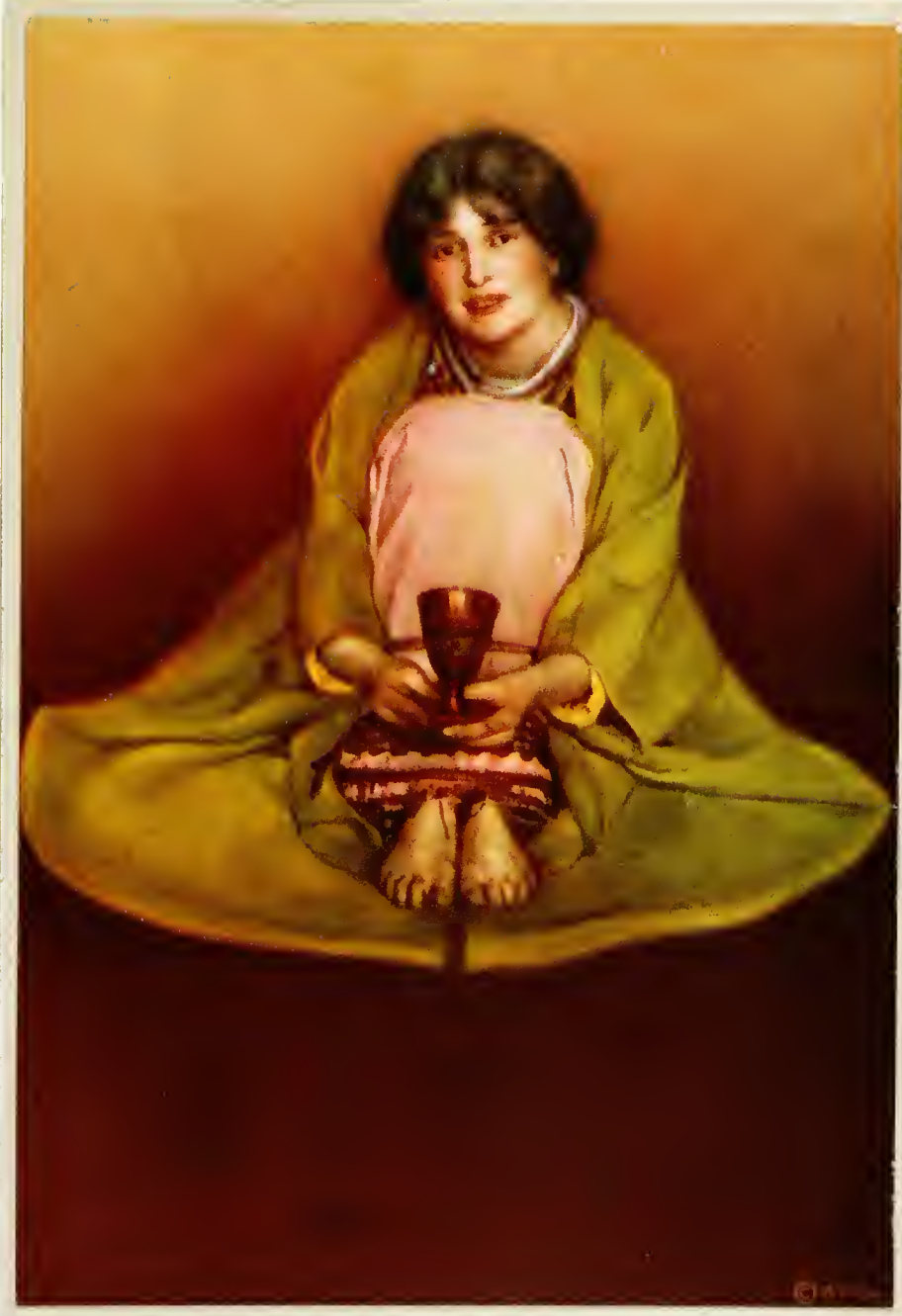






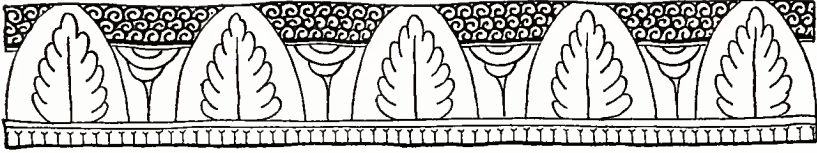






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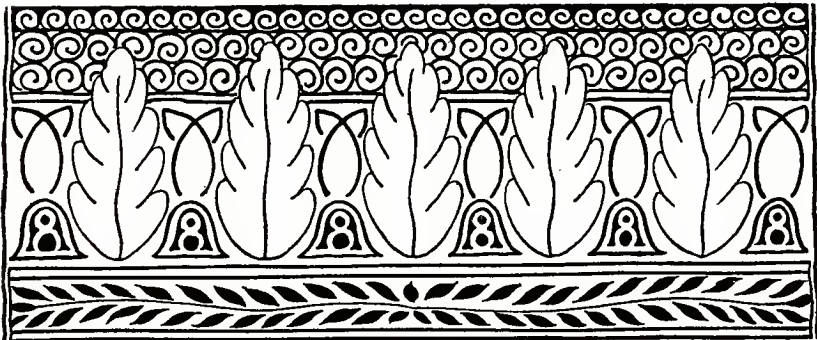


## VIII

**W**HETHER at Naishápúr or Babylon,  
Whether the Cup with sweet or bitter run,  
The Wine of Life keeps oozing drop by drop,  
The Leaves of Life keep falling one by one.

## IX


**E**ACH morn a thousand Roses brings, you say;  
Yes, but where leaves the Rose of Yesterday?  
And this first Summer month that brings the  
Rose  
Shall take Jamshyd and Kaikobád away.













WHETHER AT  
NAISHÁPÚR  
OR  
BABYLON  
WHETHER THE  
CUP  
WITH SWEET OR  
BITTER RUN

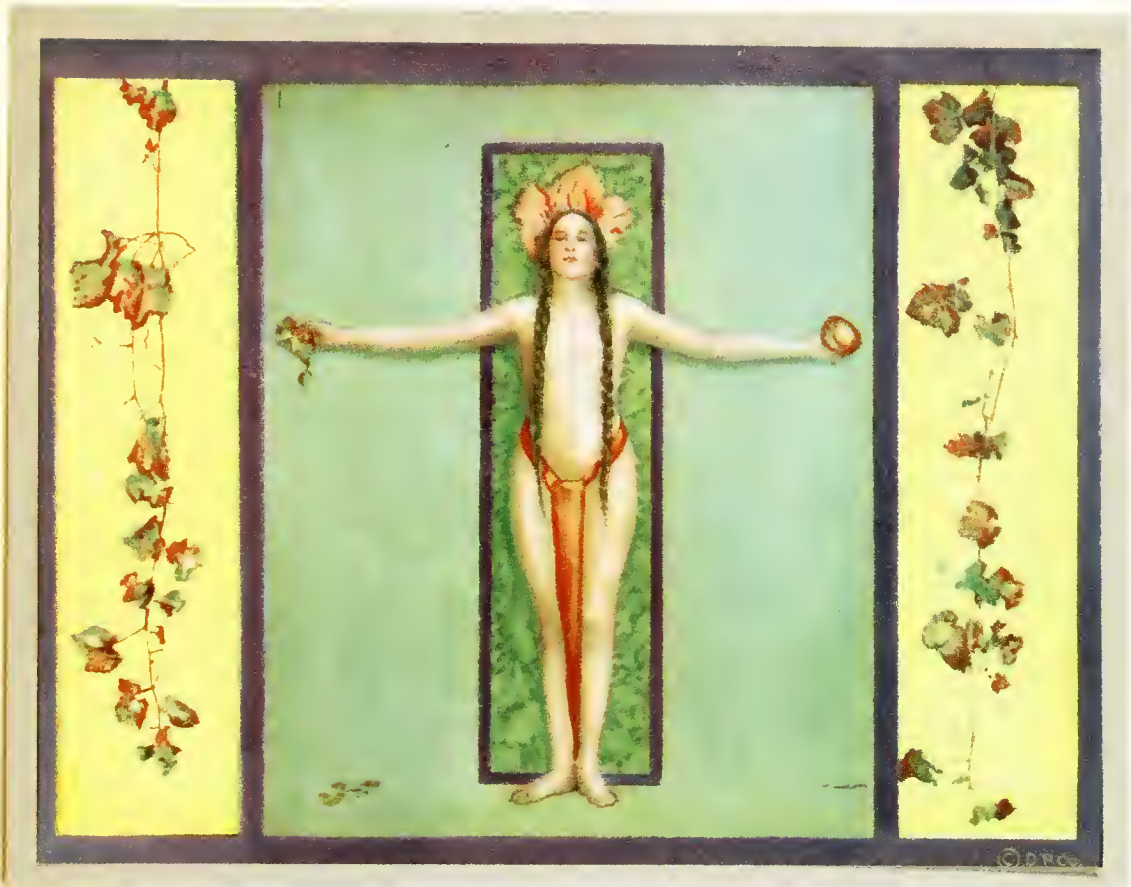














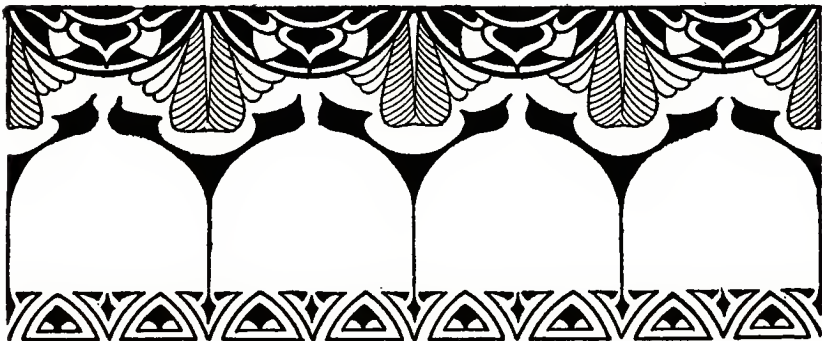


## X

**W**ELL, let it take them! What have we to do  
With Kaikobád the Great, or Kaikhosrú?  
Let Zál and Rustum bluster as they will,  
Or Hátim call to Supper—heed not you.

## XI

**W**ITH me along the strip of Herbage strewn  
That just divides the desert from the sown,  
Where name of Slave and Sultán is forgot—  
And Peace to Mahmúd on his golden Throne!





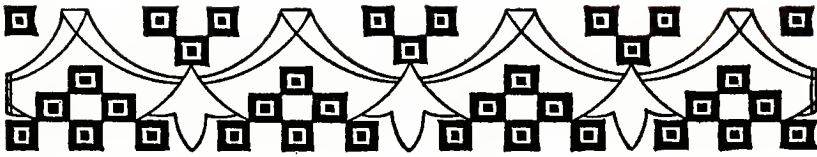










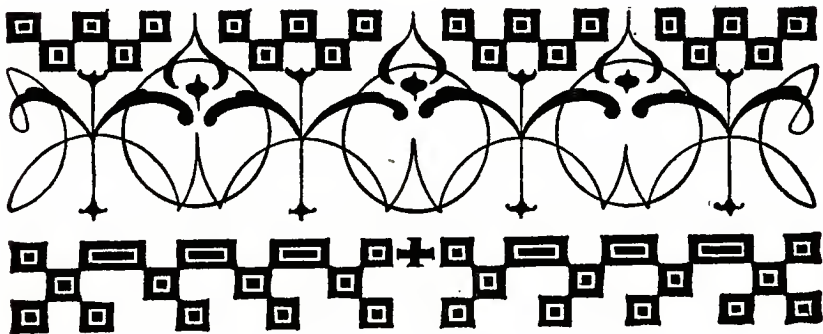


## XII

**A** Book of Verses underneath the Bough,  
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou  
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—  
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!

## XIII

**S**OME for the Glories of this World; and some  
Sigh for the Prophet's Paradise to come;  
Ah, take the Cash, and let the Credit go,  
Nor heed the rumble of the distant drum.





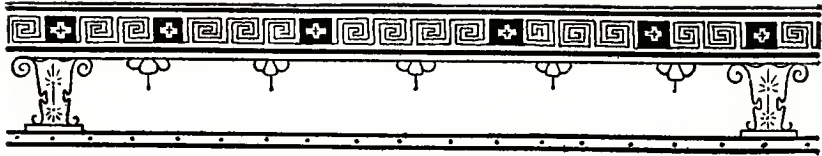










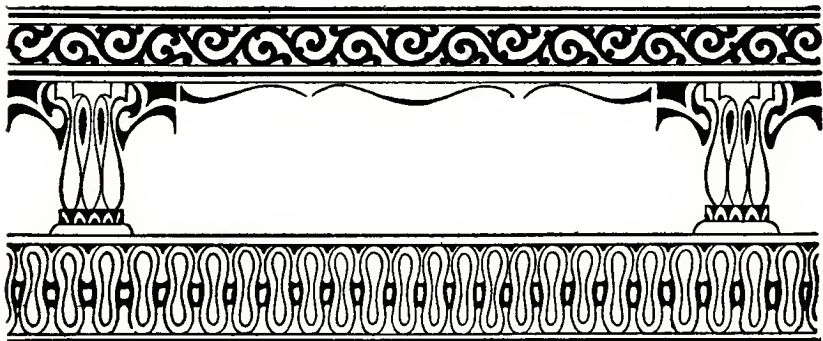


#### XIV

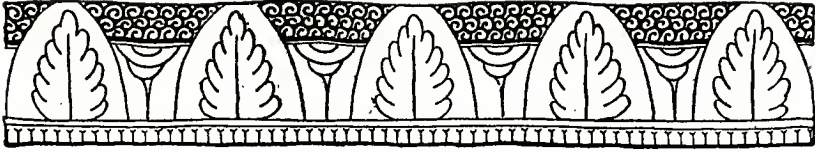
**L**OOK to the blowing Rose about us— “Lo,  
Laughing,” she says, “into this world I blow,  
At once the silken tassel of my Purse  
Tear, and its Treasure on the Garden throw.”

#### XV

**A**ND those who husbanded the Golden grain,  
And those who fling it to the wind like Rain  
Alike to no such aureate Earth are turn'd  
As, buried once, Men want dug up again.





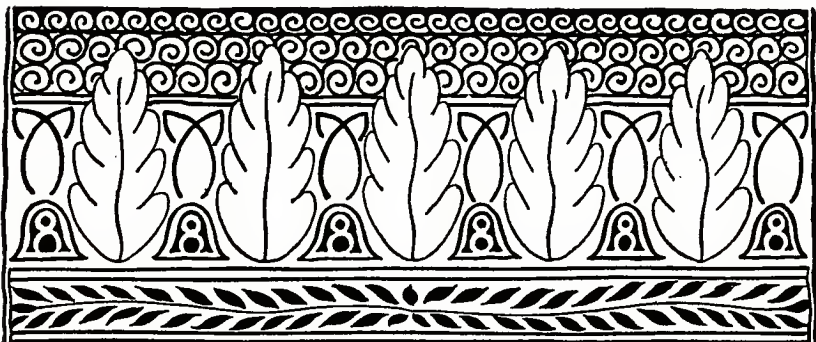


## XVI

**T**HE Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon  
Turns Ashes—or it prospers; and anon,  
Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty Face,  
Lighting a little hour or two—was gone.

## XVII

**T**HINK, in this batter'd Caravanserai  
Whose Portals are alternate Night and Day,  
How Sultán after Sultán with his Pomp  
Abode his destin'd Hour, and went his way.















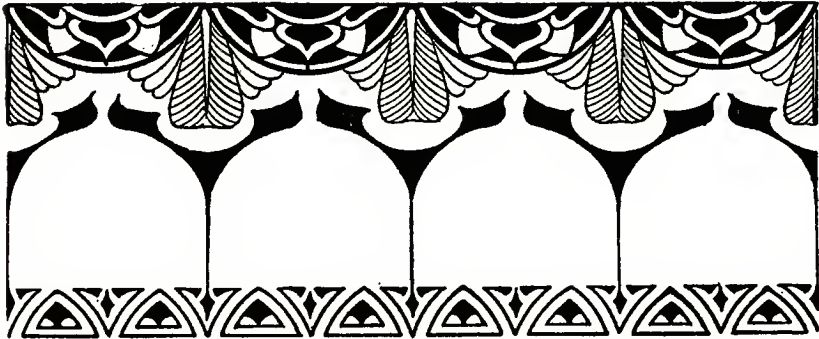


## XVIII

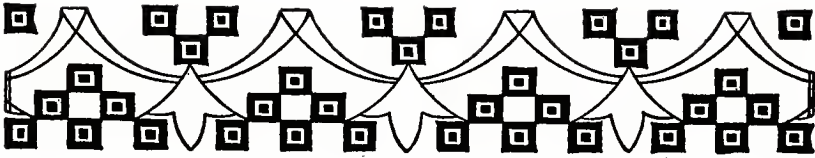
**T**HEY say the Lion and the Lizard keep  
The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank  
deep:  
And Bahrá'm, that great Hunter—the Wild Ass  
Stamps o'er his Head, but cannot break his Sleep.

## XIX

**I**SOMETIMES think that never blows so red  
The Rose as where some buried Cæsar bled;  
That every Hyacinth the Garden wears  
Dropt in her Lap from some once lovely Head.





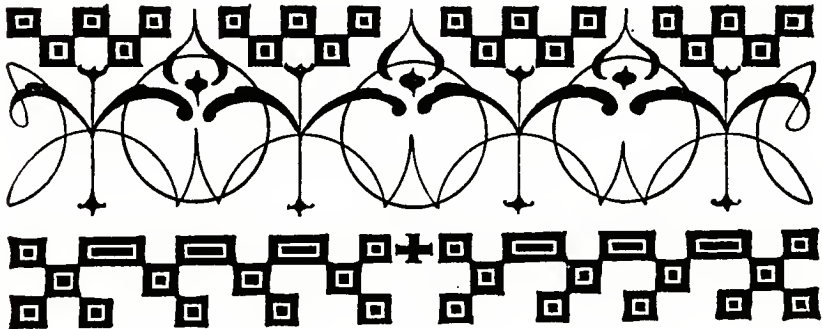


## XX

**A**ND this reviving Herb whose tender Green  
Fledges the River-Lip on which we lean—  
Ah, lean upon it lightly! for who knows  
From what once lovely Lip it springs unseen!

## XXI

**A**H, my Belovéd, fill the Cup that clears  
To-day of past Regret and future Fears:  
To-morrow!—Why, To-morrow I may be  
Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n thousand Years.





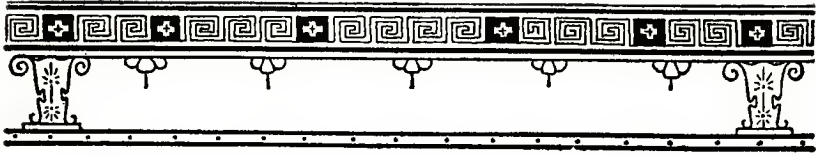










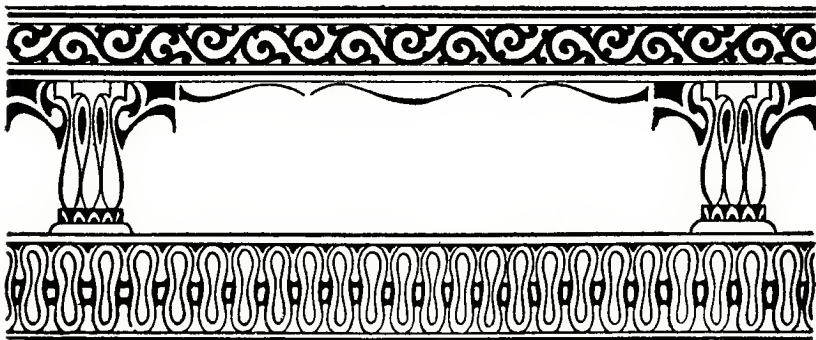


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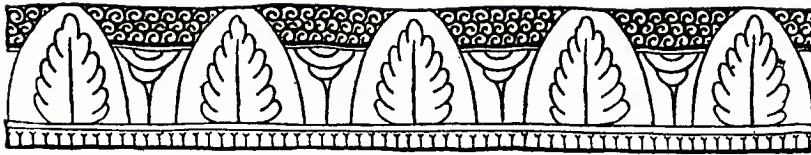
**F**OR some we loved, the loveliest and the best  
That from his Vintage rolling Time hath prest,  
Have drunk their Cup a Round or two before,  
And one by one crept silently to rest.

## XXIII

**A**ND we that now make merry in the Room  
They left, and Summer dresses in new bloom,  
Ourselves must we beneath the Couch of Earth  
Descend—ourselves to make a Couch—for whom ?





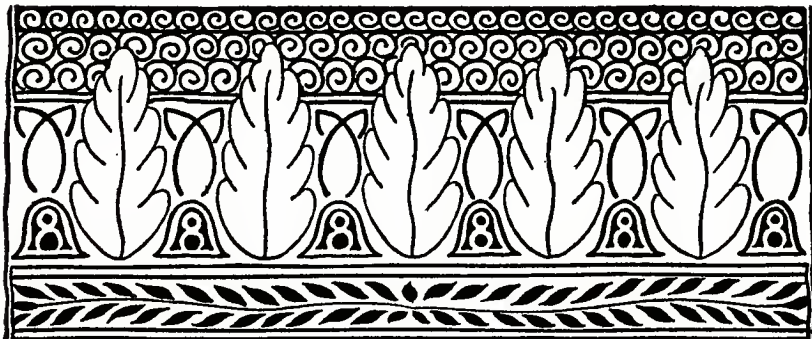


## XXIV

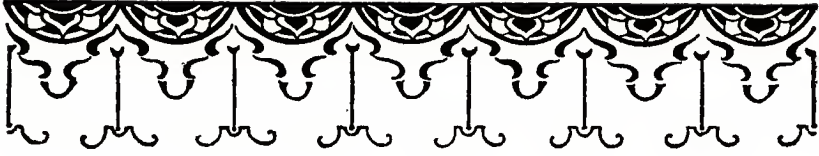
**A**H, make the most of what we yet may spend,  
Before we too into the dust descend;  
Dust into Dust, and under Dust, to lie,  
Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and—sans End!

## XXV

**A**LIKE for those who for TO-DAY prepare,  
And those that after some TO-MORROW stare,  
A Muezzin from the Tower of Darkness cries,  
“Fools! your Reward is Neither Here nor There.”





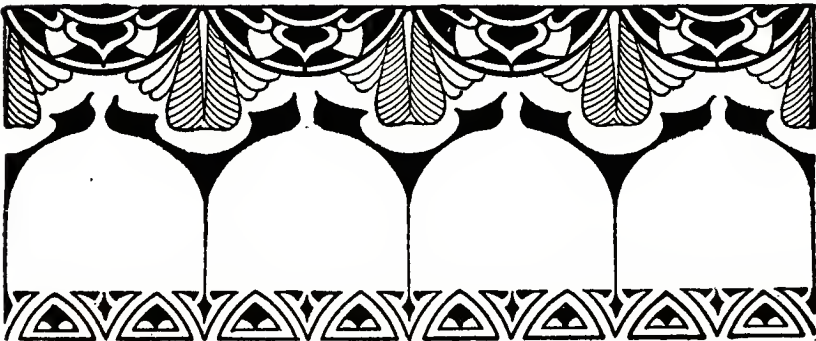


## XXVI

**W**HY, all the Saints and Sages who discuss'd,  
Of the two Worlds so wisely—they are thrust  
Like foolish Prophets forth; their Words to  
Scorn  
Are scatter'd, and their Mouths are stopt with  
Dust.

## XXVII

**M**YSELF when young did eagerly frequent  
Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument  
About it and about : but evermore  
Came out by the same door where in I went.

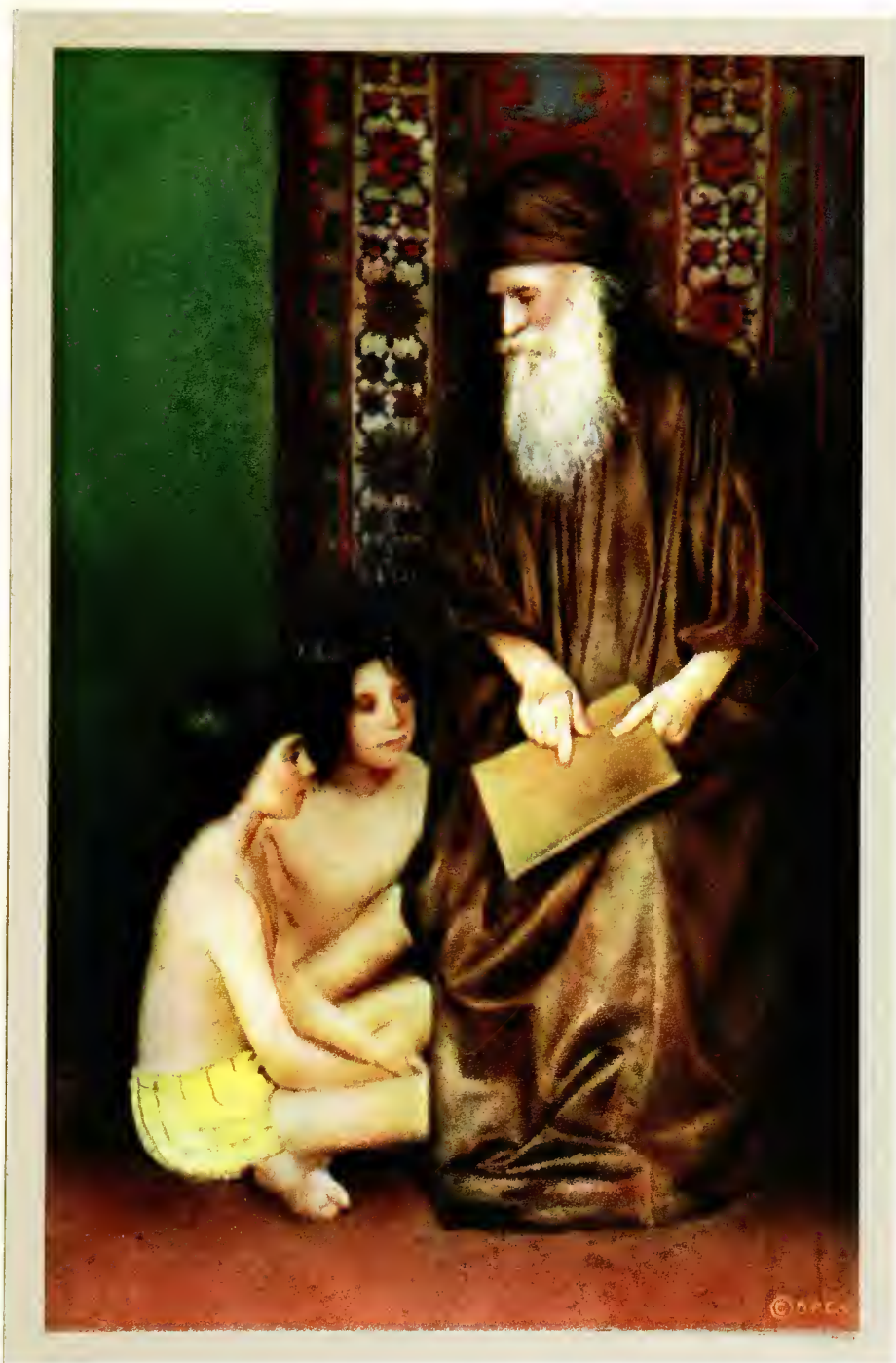




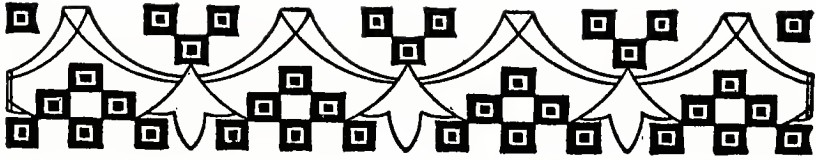










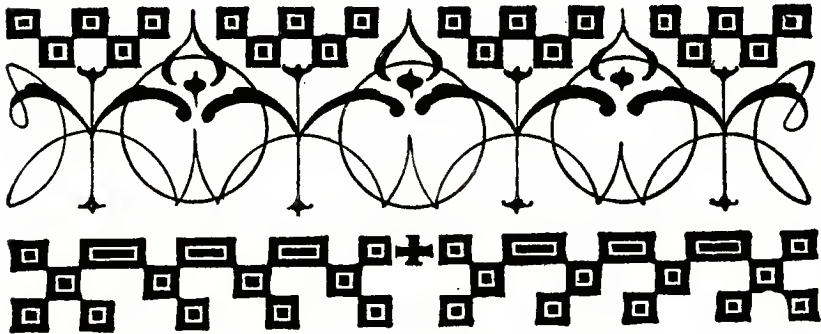


## XXVIII

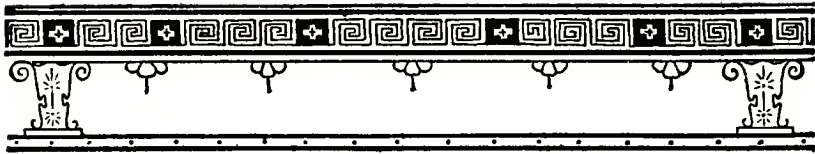
**W**ITH them the seed of Wisdom did I sow,  
And with mine own hand wrought to make  
it grow;  
And this was all the Harvest that I reap'd—  
“I came like Water, and like Wind I go.”

## XXIX

**I**NTO this Universe, and *Why* not knowing  
Nor *Whence*, like Water willy-nilly flowing  
And out of it, as Wind along the Waste,  
I know not *Whither*, willy-nilly blowing.





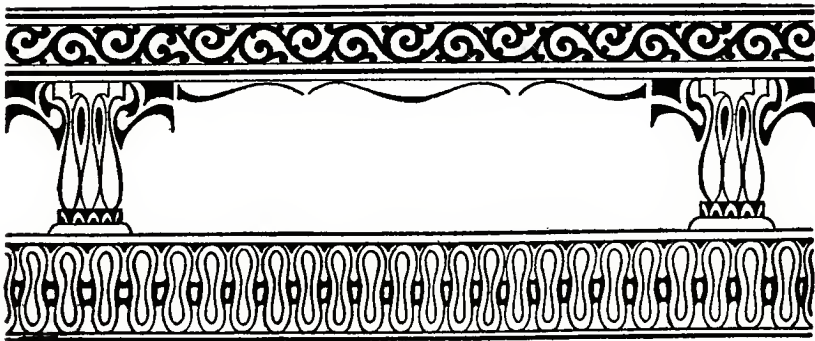


### XXX

**W**HAT, without asking, hither hurried *Whence?*  
And, without asking, *Whither* hurried hence!  
Oh, many a Cup of this forbidden Wine  
Must drown the memory of that insolence!

### XXXI

**U**P from Earth's Centre through the Seventh  
Gate  
I rose, and on the throne of Saturn sate,  
And many a knot unravel'd by the Road;  
But not the Master-knot of Human Fate.





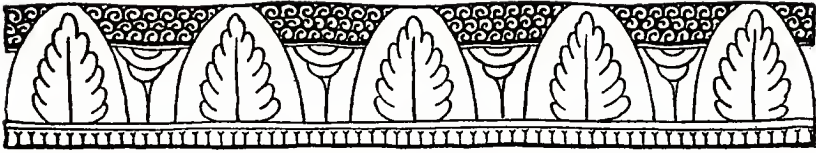










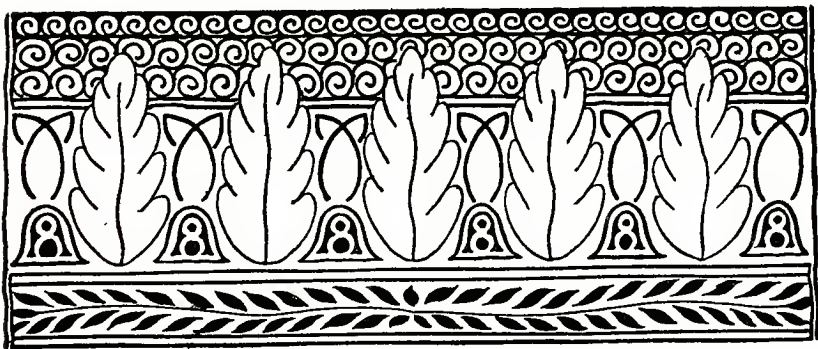


### XXXII

**T**HERE was the Door to which I found no Key ;  
There was the Veil through which I might  
not see ;  
Some little talk awhile of ME and THEE  
There was—and then no more of THEE and ME.

### XXXIII

**E**ARTH could not answer ; nor the Seas that  
mourn  
In flowing Purple, of their Lord forlorn ;  
Nor rolling Heaven, with all his Signs reveal'd  
And hidden by the sleeve of Night and Morn.





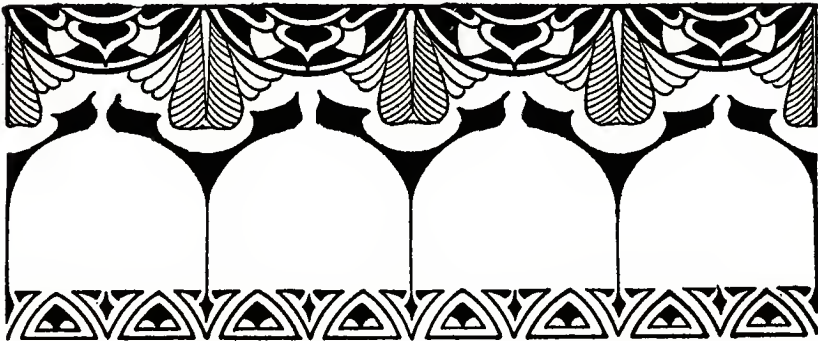


### XXXIV

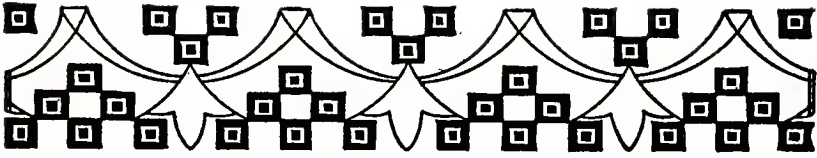
**T**HEN of the THEE IN ME who works behind  
The Veil, I lifted up my hands to find  
A Lamp amid the Darkness; and I heard,  
As from without—"THE ME WITHIN THEE BLIND!"

### XXXV

**T**HEN to the Lip of this poor earthen Urn  
I lean'd, the Secret of my Life to learn:  
And Lip to Lip it murmur'd—"While you live,  
Drink!—for, once dead, you never shall return."





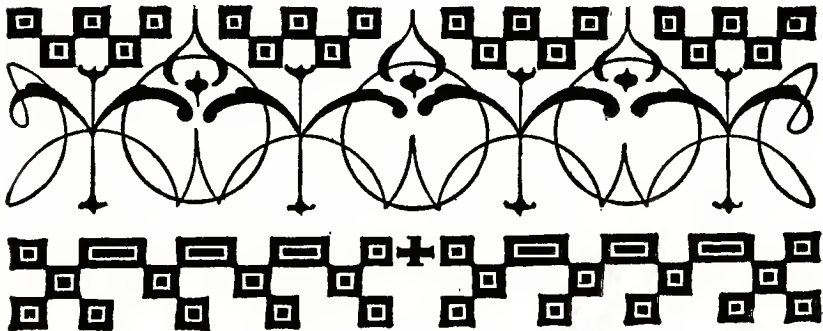


### XXXVI

I THINK the Vessel, that with fugitive  
Articulation answer'd, once did live,  
And drink ; and Ah! the passive Lip I kiss'd,  
How many kisses might it take—and give!

### XXXVII

FOR I remember stopping by the way  
To watch a Potter thumping his wet Clay :  
And with its all-obliterated Tongue  
It murmur'd—"Gently Brother, gently, pray!"

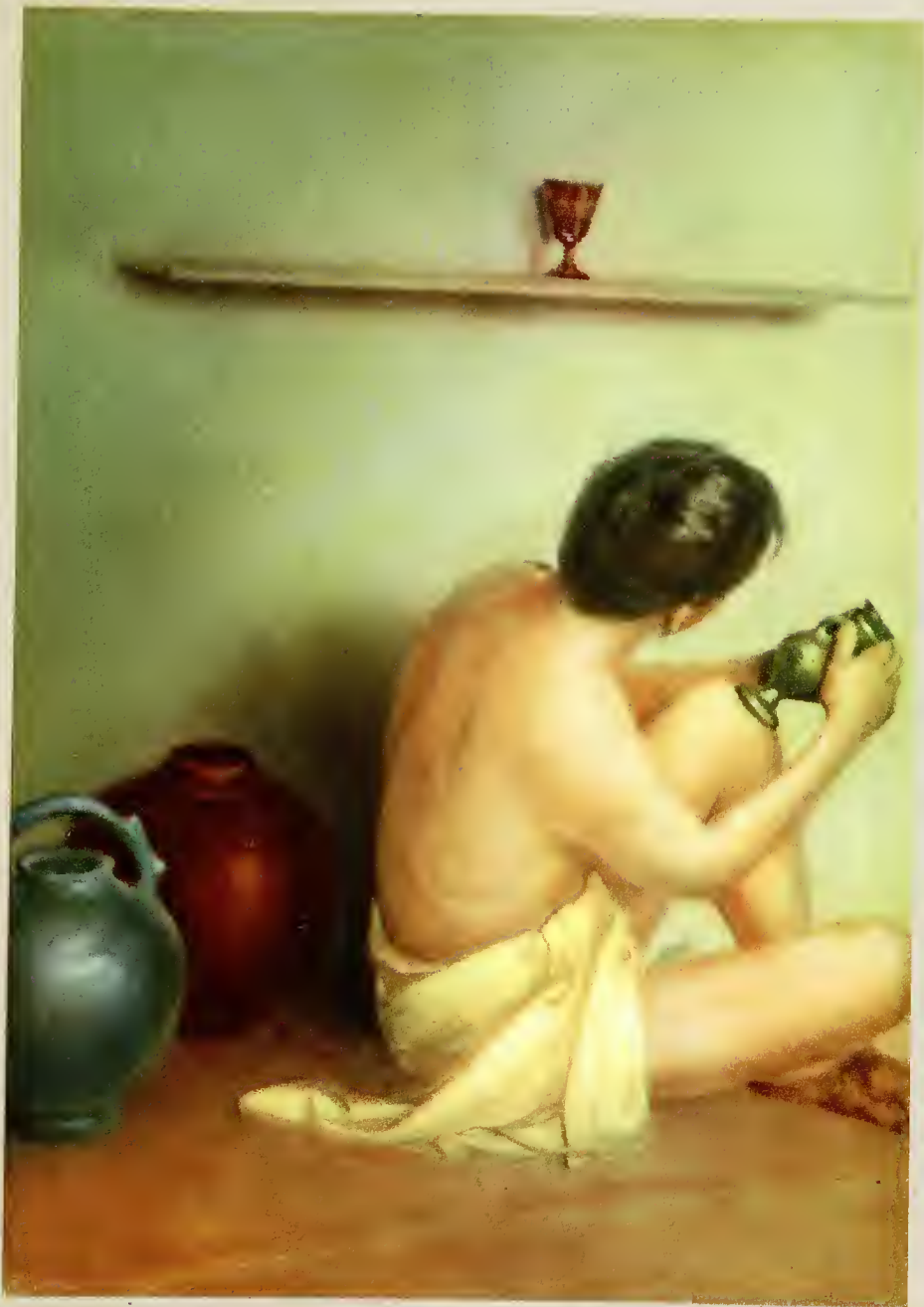




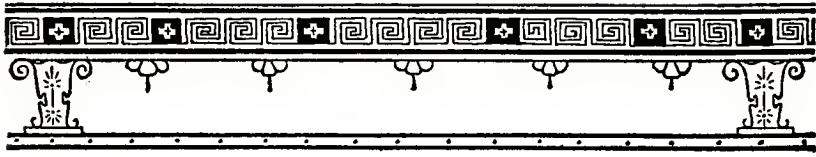










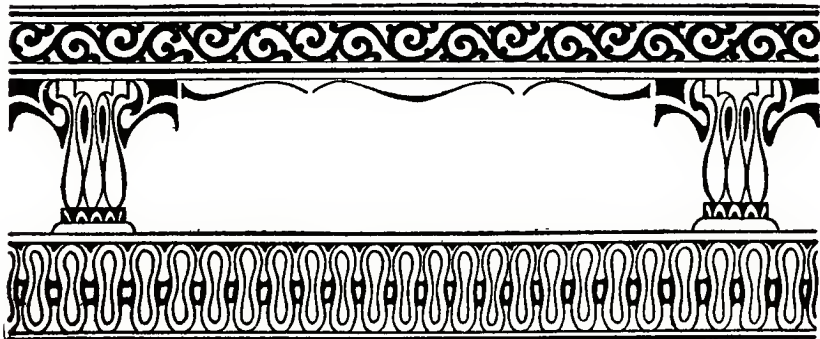


### XXXVIII

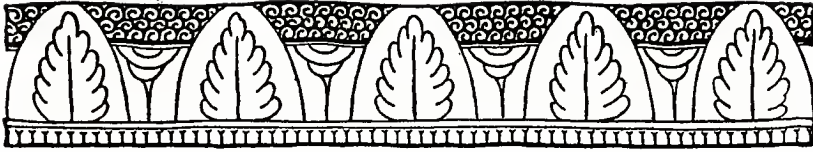
**A**ND has not such a Story from of Old  
Down Man's successive generations roll'd  
Of such a cloud of saturated Earth  
Cast by the Maker into Human mould?

### XXXIX

**A**ND not a drop that from our Cups we throw  
For Earth to drink of, but may steal below  
To quench the fire of Anguish in some Eye  
There hidden—far beneath, and long ago.





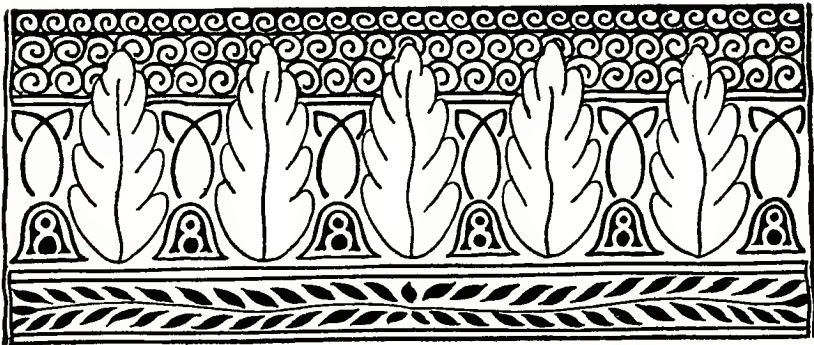


## XL

**A**S when the Tulip for her morning sup  
Of Heav'nly Vintage from the soil looks up,  
Do you devoutly do the like, till Heav'n  
To Earth invert you—like an empty Cup.

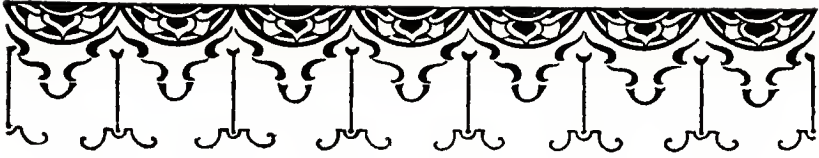
## XLI

**P**ERPLECT no more with Human or Divine,  
To-morrow's tangle to the winds resign,  
And lose your fingers in the tresses of  
The Cypress-slender Minister of Wine.









## XLII

**A**ND if the Wine you drink, the Lip you press,  
End in what All begins and ends in—Yes;  
Think then you are TO-DAY what YESTERDAY  
You were—TO-MORROW you shall not be less.

## XLIII

**G**O when the Angel of the darker Drink  
At last shall find you by the river-brink  
And, offering his Cup, invite your Soul  
Forth to your Lips to quaff—you shall not shrink.



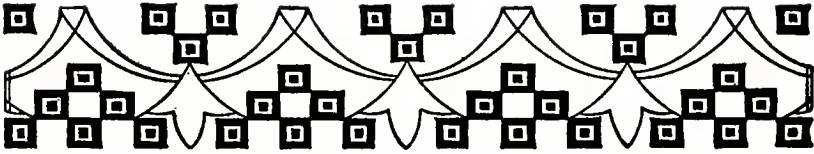










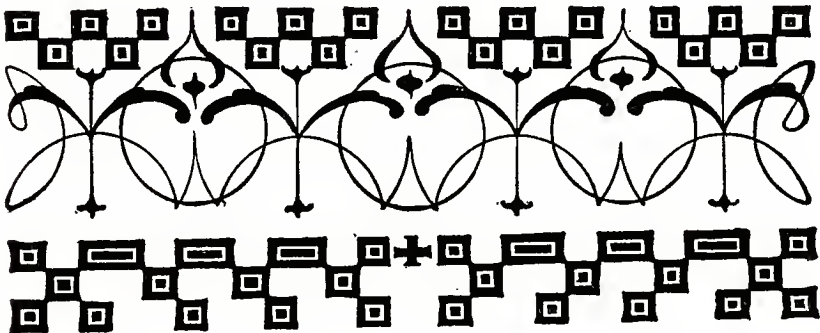


## XLIV

**W**HY, if the soul can fling the Dust aside,  
And naked on the Air of Heaven ride,  
Were't not a Shame—were't not a Shame for  
him  
In this clay carcass crippled to abide?

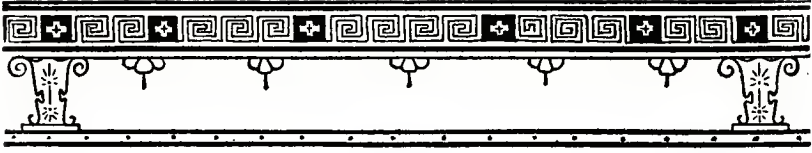
## XLV

**'T**IS but a Tent where takes his one day's rest  
A Sultán to the realm of Death address;  
The Sultán rises, and the dark Ferrásh  
Strikes, and prepares it for another Guest.







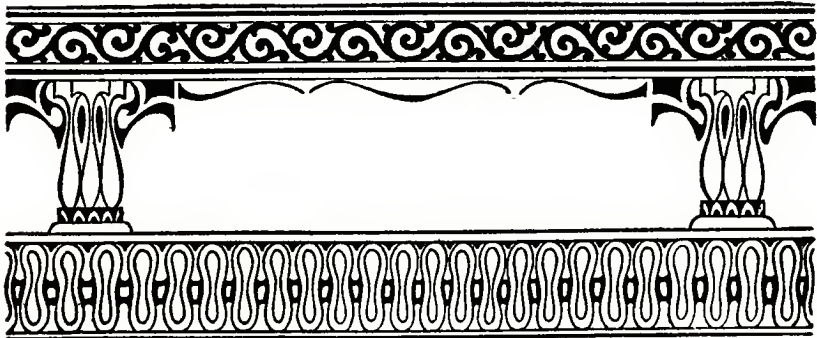


## XLVI

**A**ND fear not lest Existence closing your  
Account, and mine, should know the like  
no more ;  
The Eternal Sáki from that Bowl has pour'd  
Millions of Bubbles like us, and will pour

## XLVII

**W**HEN You and I behind the Veil are past,  
Oh, but the long, long while the World shall  
last,  
Which of our Coming and Departure heeds  
As the Sea's self should heed a pebble-cast.





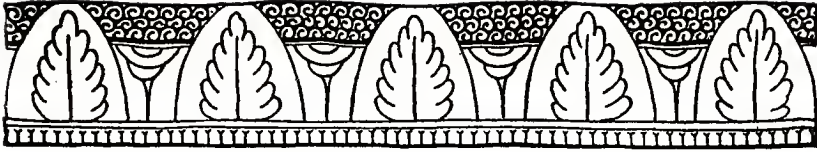






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## XLVIII

**A** MOMENT'S Halt—a momentary taste  
Of BEING from the Well amid the Waste—  
And Lo!—the the phantom Caravan has reach'd  
The NOTHING it set out from—Oh, make haste!

## XLIX

**W**OULD you that spangle of Existance spend  
About THE SECRET—quick about it, Friend!  
A Hair perhaps divides the False and True;  
And upon what, prithee, does life depend?





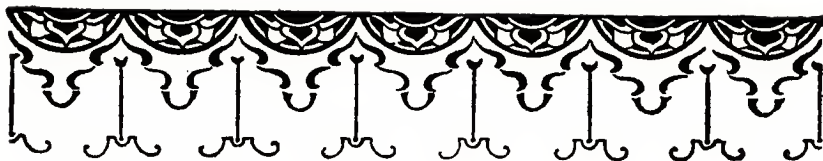












## L

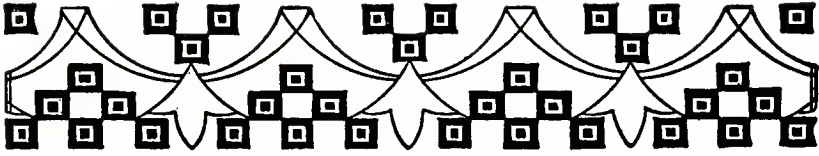
**H** HAIR perhaps divides the False and True;  
Yes; and a single Alif were the clue—  
Could you but find it—to the Treasure-house,  
And peradventure to THE MASTER too;

## LI

**W**HOSE secret Presence, through Creation's  
veins  
Running Quicksilver-like eludes your pains;  
Taking all shapes from Máh to Máhi; and  
They change and perish all—but He remains.





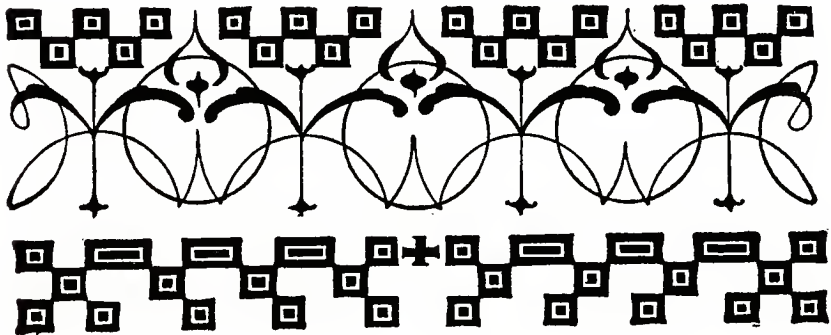


## LII

**A** MOMENT guess'd—then back behind the Fold  
Immerst of Darkness round the Drama roll'd  
Which, for the Pastime of Eternity,  
He doth Himself contrive, enact, behold.

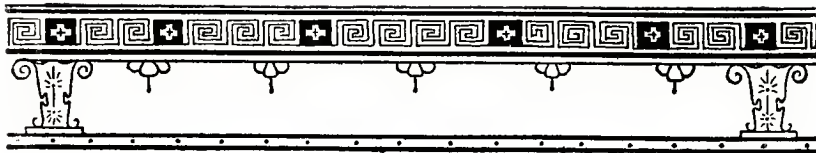
## LIII

**B**UT if in vain, down on the stubborn floor  
Of Earth, and up to Heav'n's unopening Door,  
You gaze To-DAY, while You are You—how then  
To-MORROW, when You shall be You no more?







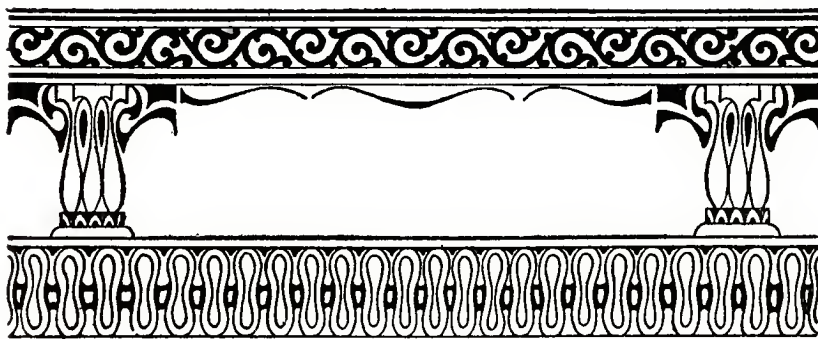


## LIV

**W**ASTE not your Hour, nor in the vain pursuit  
Of This and That endeavor to dispute ;  
Better be jocund with the fruitful Grape  
Than sadden after none, or bitter, Fruit.

## LV

**Y**OU know, my Friends, with what a brave  
Carouse  
I made a Second Marriage in my house ;  
Divorced old barren Reason from my Bed,  
And took the Daughter of the Vine to Spouse.





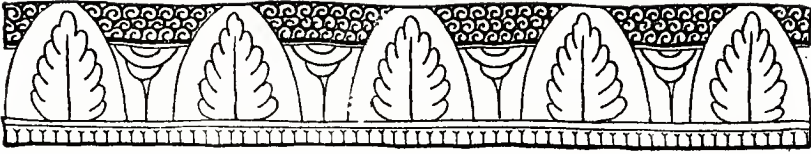






YOU KNOW, MY FRIENDS WITH WHAT A BRAVE  
CAROUSE  
I MADE A SECOND MARRIAGE IN MY HOUSE;  
DIVORCED OLD BARREN REASON FROM MY BED,  
AND TOOK THE DAUGHTER OF THE VINE TO  
SPOUSE.



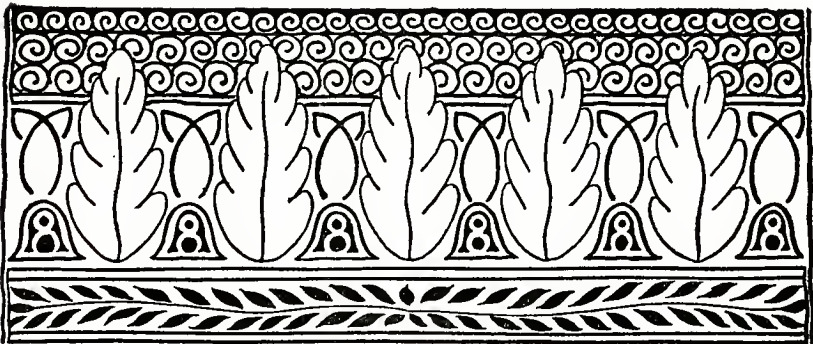


## LVI

**F**OR "Is" and "IS-NOT" though with Rule and Line,  
And "UP-AND-DOWN" by Logic I define,  
Of all that should care to fathom, I  
Was never deep in anything but—Wine.

## LVII

**A**H, but my Computations, People say  
Reduced the Year to better reckoning?—Nay,  
'Twas only striking from the Calendar  
Unborn To-morrow and dead Yesterday.









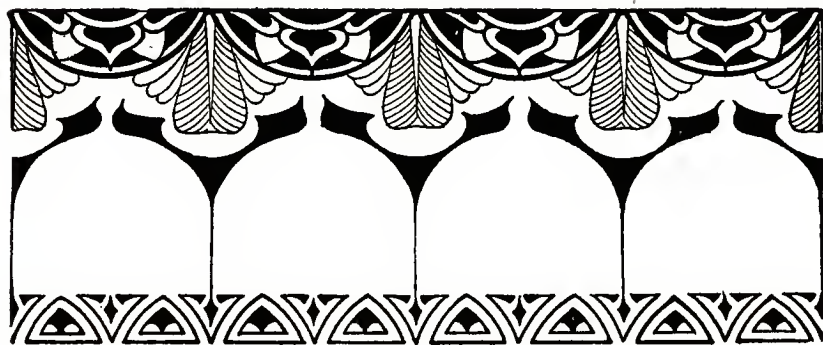
## LVIII

**A**ND lately, by the Tavern Door agape,  
Came shining through the Dusk an Angel  
Shape

Bearing a Vessel on his Shoulder; and  
He bid me taste of it; and 'twas—the Grape!

## LIX

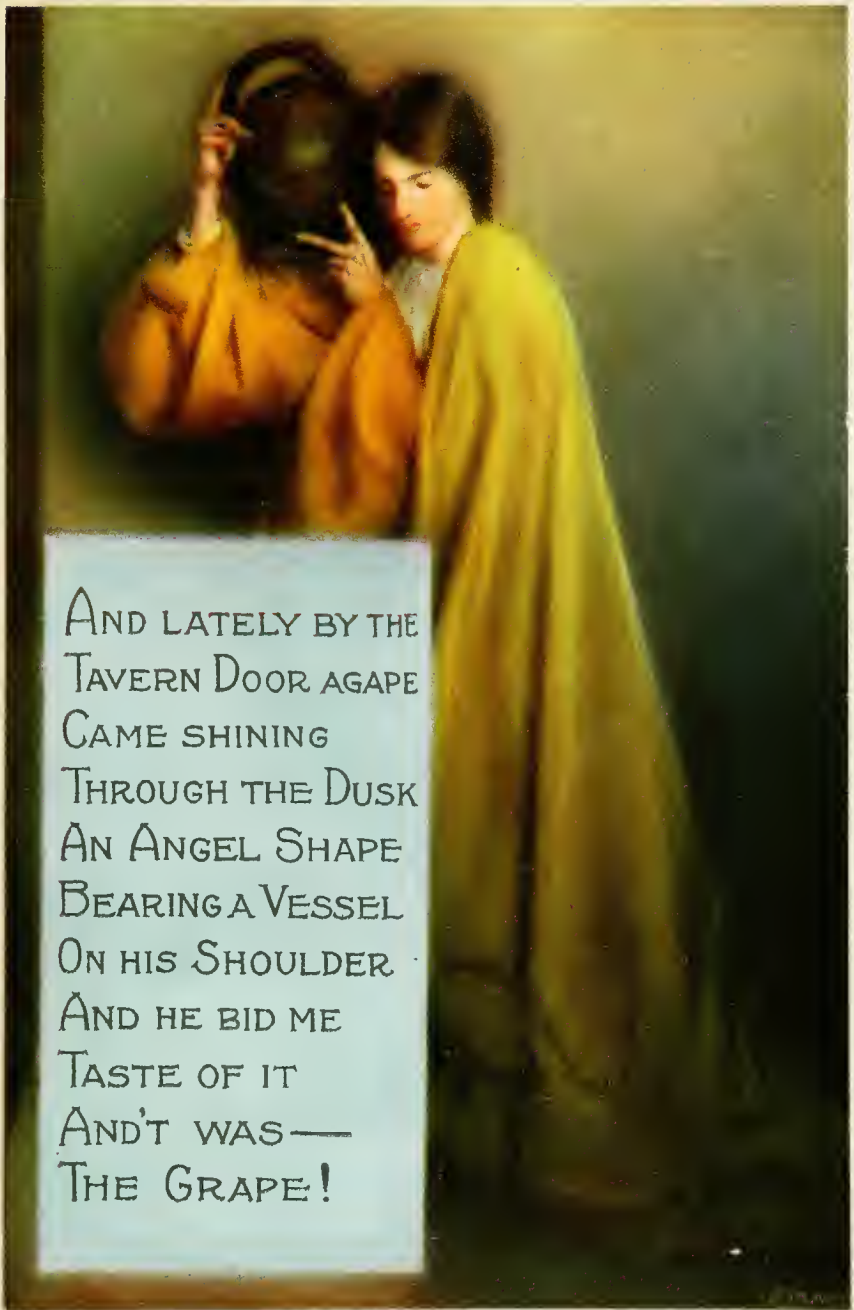
**T**HE Grape that can with Logic absolute  
The Two-and-Seventy jarring Sects confute:  
The sovereign Alchemist that in a trice  
Life's leaden metal into Gold transmute:





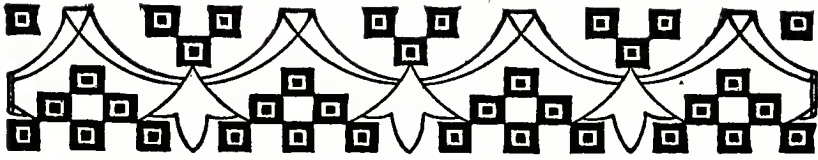






AND LATELY BY THE  
TAVERN DOOR AGAPE  
CAME SHINING  
THROUGH THE DUSK  
AN ANGEL SHAPE  
BEARING A VESSEL  
ON HIS SHOULDER  
AND HE BID ME  
TASTE OF IT  
AND'T WAS—  
THE GRAPE!



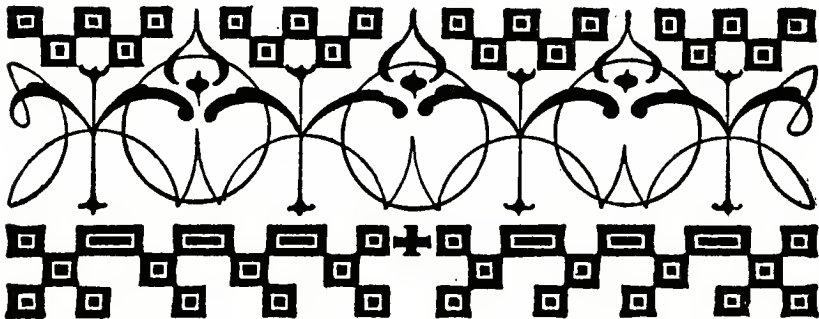


## LX

**T**HE mighty Mahmúd, Allah-breathing Lord,  
That all the misbelieving and black Horde  
Of Fears and Sorrows that infest the Soul  
Scatters before him with his whirlwind Sword.

## LXI

**W**HY, be this Juice the growth of God, who dare  
BlaspHEME the twisted tendril as a Snare?  
A Blessing, we should use it, should we not?  
And if a Curse—why, then, Who set it there?





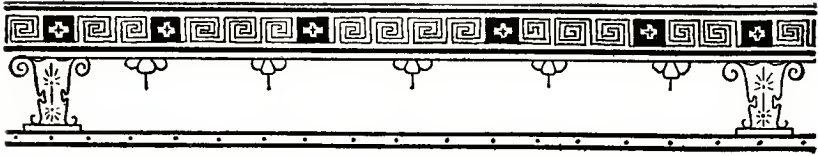










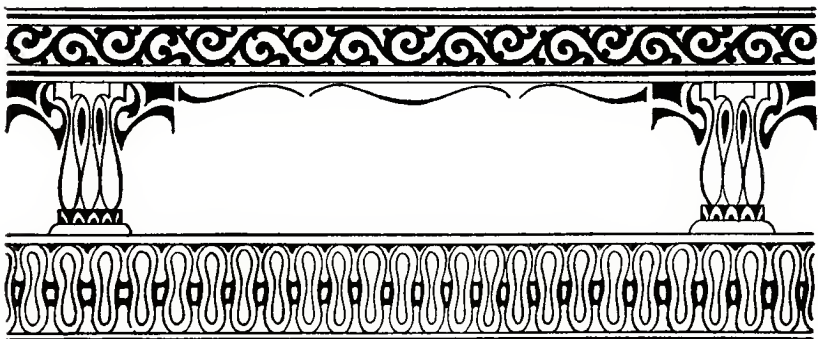


## LXII

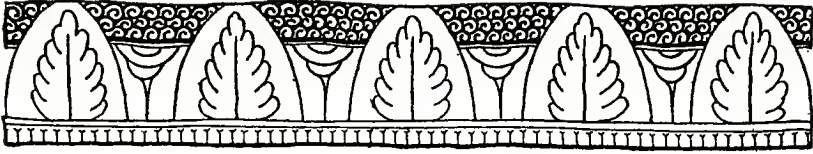
I MUST abjure the Balm of Life, I must  
Scared by some After-reckoning ta'en on trust,  
Or lured with Hope of some Diviner Drink,  
To fill the Cup—when crumbled into Dust!

## LXIII

O H, threats of Hell and Hopes of Paradise!  
One thing at least is certain—*This* Life flies,  
One thing is certain and the rest is Lies;  
The flower that once has blown for ever dies.





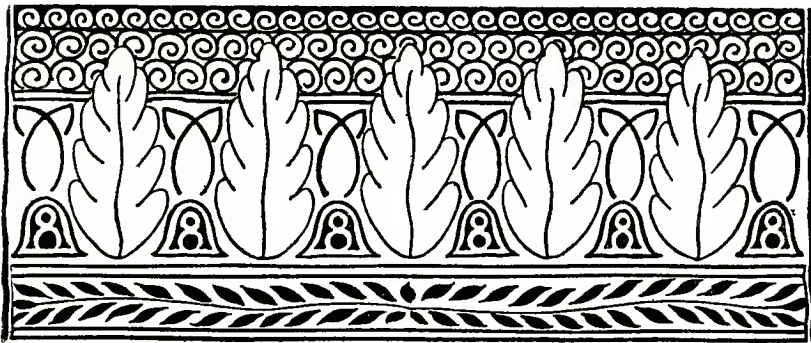


## LXIV

**S**TRANGE, is it not? that of the myriads who  
Before us pass'd the door of Darkness through,  
Not one returns to tell us of the Road,  
Which to discover we must travel too.

## LXV

**T**HE Revelations of Devout and Learn'd  
Who rose before us, and as Prophets burn'd,  
Are all but Stories, which, awoke from Sleep  
They told their comrades, and to Sleep return'd.









## LXVI

**I** SENT my Soul through the Invisible,  
Some letter of that After-life to spell:  
And by and by my Soul return'd to me,  
And answer'd "I Myself am Heaven and Hell:"

## LXVII

**H**EAV'N but the Vision of fulfill'd Desire,  
And Hell the Shadow from a Soul on fire  
Cast on the Darkness into which Ourselves,  
So late emerg'd from, shall so soon expire.













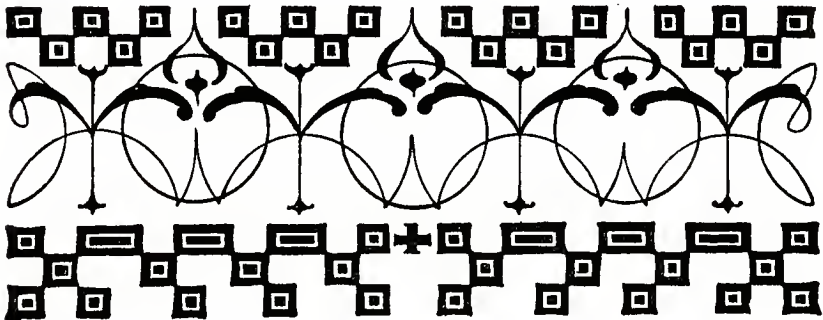


## LXVIII

**W**E are no other than a moving row  
 Of Magic Shadow-shapes that come and go  
 Round with the Sun-illumin'd Lantern held  
 In Midnight by the Master of the Show;

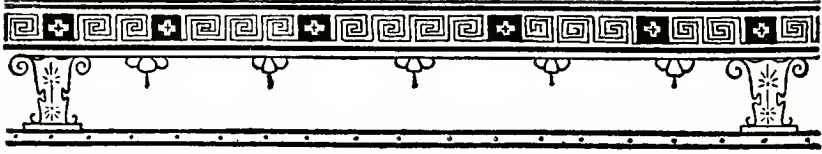
## LXIX

**B**UT helpless Pieces of the Game He plays  
 Upon this Chequer-board of Nights and Days  
 Hither and thither moves, and checks, and  
 slays,  
 And one by one back in the Closet lays.







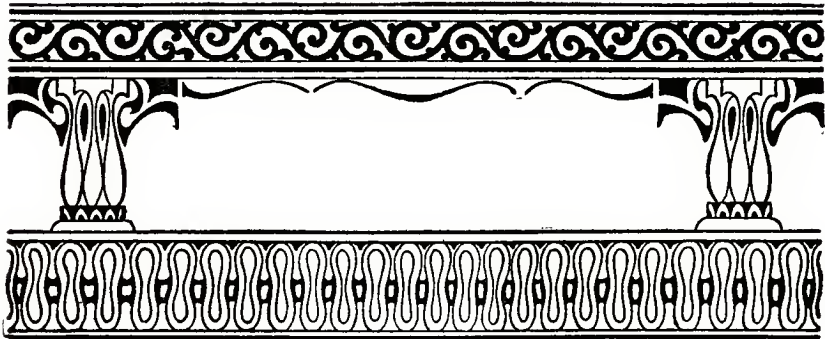


## LXX

THE Ball no question makes of Ayes and Noes,  
But Here or There as strikes the Player goes,  
And He that toss'd you down into the Field,  
He knows about it all—HE knows—HE knows!

## LXXI

THE Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,  
Moves on: nor all your Piety nor Wit  
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,  
Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it.



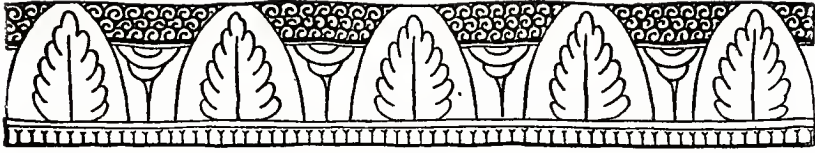










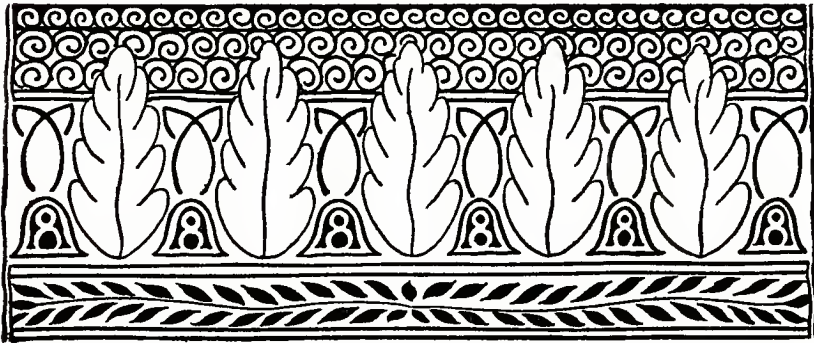


## LXXII

**A**ND that inverted Bowl they call the Sky,  
Whereunder crawling coop'd we live and die,  
Lift not your hands to *It* for help—for it  
As impotently moves as you or I.

## LXXIII

**W**ITH Earth's first Clay They did the Last  
Man knead,  
And there of the Last Harvest sow'd the Seed:  
And the first Morning of Creation wrote  
What the Last Dawn of Reckoning shall read.







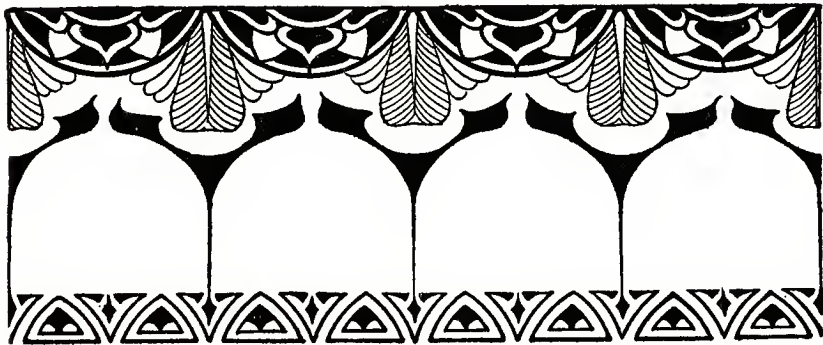


## LXXIV

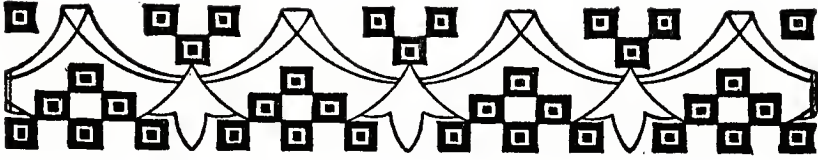
**Y**ESTERDAY *This* Day's Madness did prepare;  
To-MORROW'S Silence, Triumph, or Despair:  
Drink! for you know not whence you came,  
nor why;  
Drink! for you know not why you go, nor where.

## LXXV

**I** TELL you this—When, started from the Goal,  
Over the flaming shoulders of the Foal  
Of Heav'n Parwin and Mushtari they flung,  
In my predestin'd Plot of Dust and Soul.





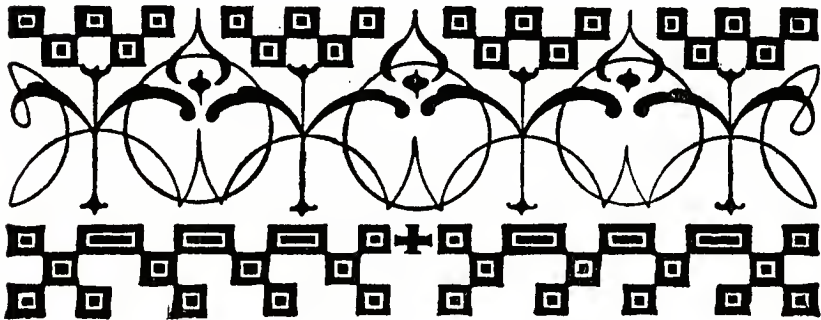


## LXXVI

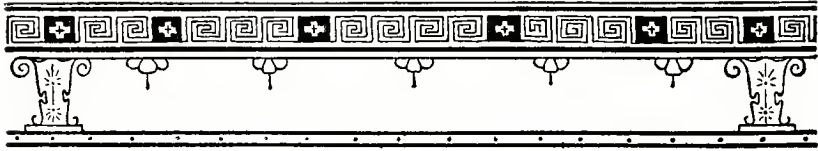
**T**HE Vine has struck a fibre : which about  
If clings my Being—let the Dervish flout ;  
Of my Base metal may be filed a key,  
That shall unlock the Door he howls without.

## LXXVII

**A**ND this I know : whether the one True Light  
Kindle to Love, or Wrath-consume me quite,  
One flash of It within the Tavern caught  
Better than in the Temple lost outright.





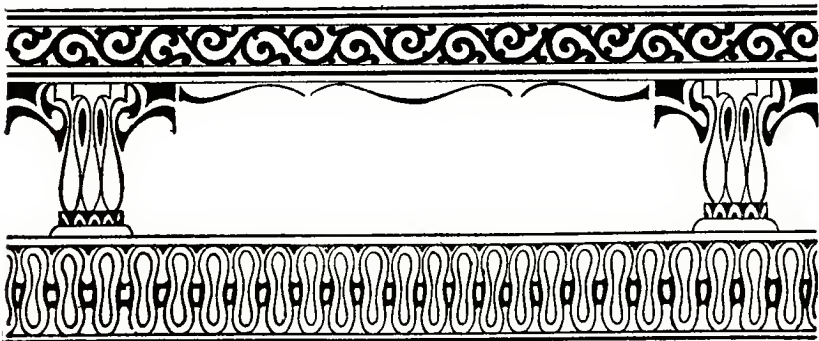


## LXXVIII

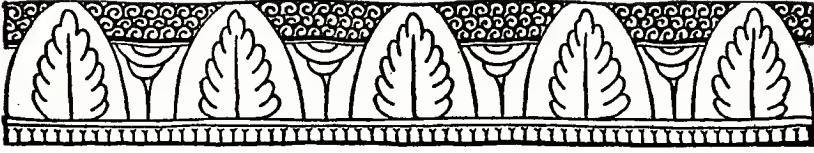
**W**HAT! out of senseless Nothing to provoke  
A concious Something to resent the yoke  
Of unpermitted Pleasure, under pain  
Of Everlasting Penalties, if broke!

## LXXIX

**W**HAT! from his helpless Creature be repaid  
Pure for what he lent him dross-alloy'd—  
Sue for a Debt we never did contract,  
And cannot answer—Oh, the sorry trade!





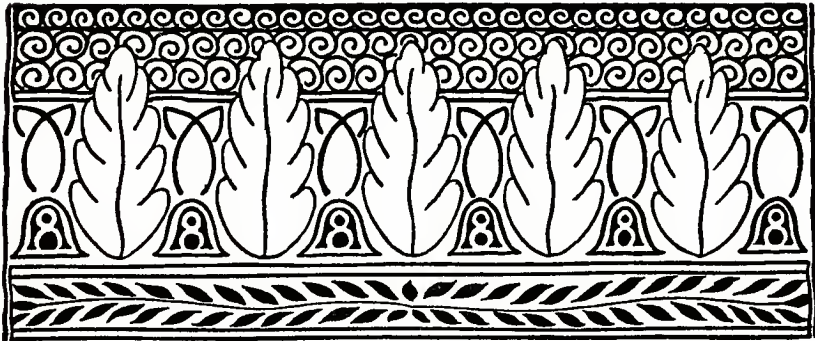


## LXXX

**O**H Thou, who didst with pitfall and with gin  
Beset the Road I was to wander in,  
Thou wilt not with Predestin'd Evil round  
Enmesh, and then impute my Fall to Sin!

## LXXXI

**O**H Thou, who Man of baser Earth didst make,  
And ev'n with Paradise devise the snake:  
For all the Sin wherewith the Face of Man  
Is blacken'd—Man's forgiveness give—and take!









## LXXXII

**A**S under cover of departing Day  
Slunk hunger-stricken Ramazán away,  
Once more within the Potter's house alone  
I stood, surrounded by the Shapes of Clay.

## LXXXIII

**S**HAPES of all Sorts and Sizes, great and small,  
That stood along the floor and by the wall;  
And some loquacious vessels were ; and some  
Listen'd perhaps, but never talk'd at all.



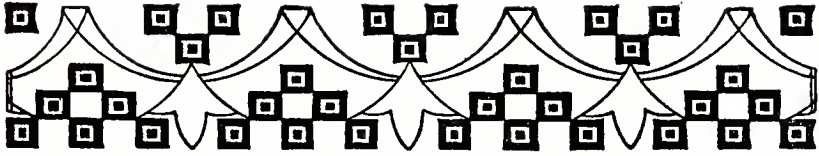










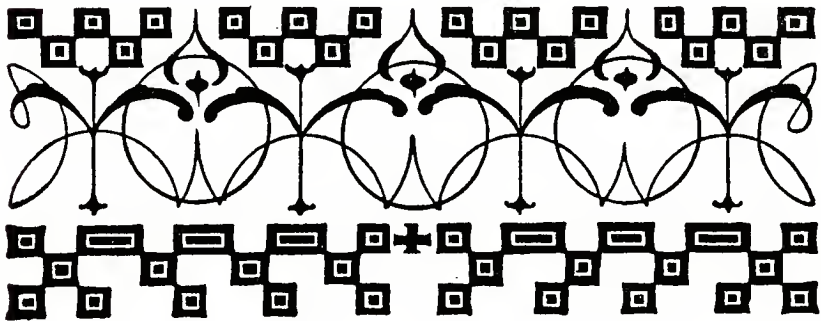


### LXXXIV

SAID one among them—"Surely not in vain  
My substance of the common Earth was ta'en  
And to this Figure moulded, to be broke,  
Or trampled back to shapeless Earth again."

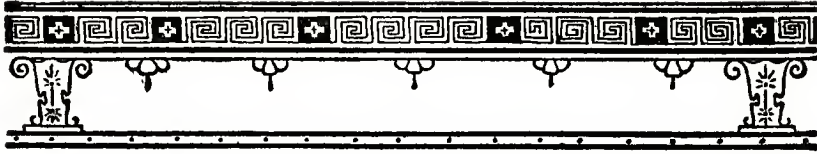
### LXXXV

THEN said a second—"Ne'er a peevish Boy  
Would brake the Bowl from which he drank  
in joy;  
And He that with his hand the Vessel made  
Will surely not in after Wrath destroy."







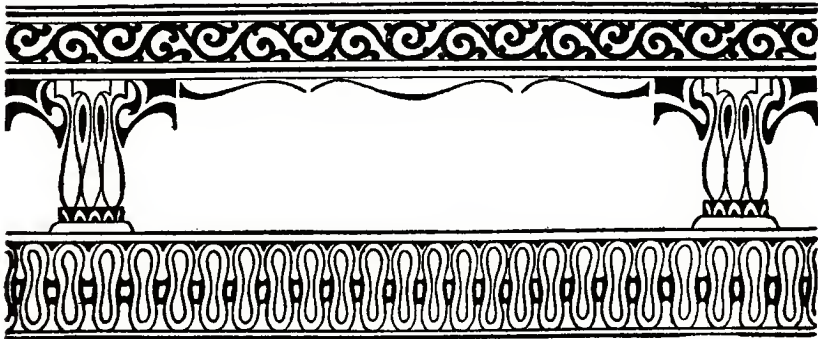


## LXXXVI

**A**FTER a momentary silence spake  
Some Vessel of a more ungainly make:  
“They sneer at me for leaning all awry:  
What! did the Hand then of the Potter shake?”

## LXXXVII

**W**HEREAT some one of the loquacious Lot—  
I think a Súfl pipkin —waxing hot—  
“All this of Pot and Potter—Tell me then,  
Who is the Potter, pray, and who the Pot?”





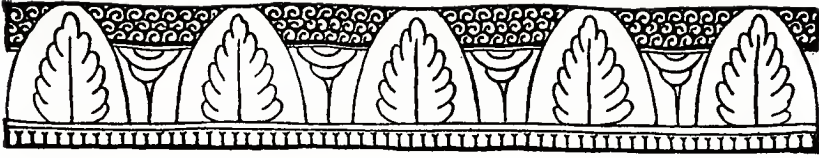






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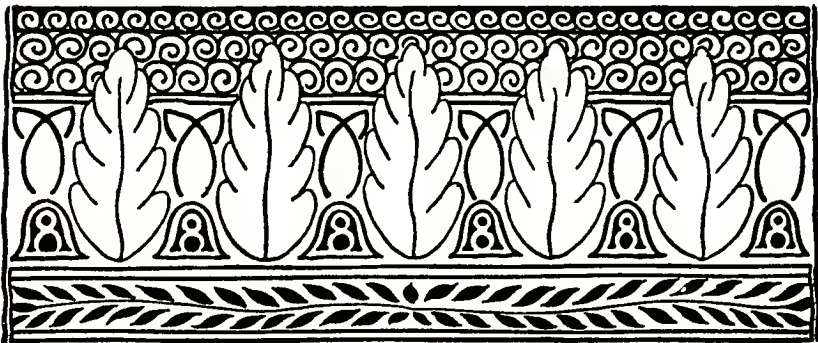


### LXXXVIII

“**W**HY,” said another, “Some there are who tell  
Of one who threatens he will toss to Hell  
The luckless Pots he marr’d in making—Pish!  
“He’s a Good Fellow, and ’t will all be well.”

### LXXXIX

“**W**ELL,” murmur’d one, “Let whoso make or  
buy,  
My Clay with long Oblivion is gone dry:  
But fill me with the cold familiar Juice,  
Methinks I might recover by and by.”









XC

**S**O while the Vessels one by one were speaking,  
The little Moon look'd in that all were seeking:  
And then they jogg'd each other, "Brother!  
Brother!  
Now for the Porter's shoulder-knot a-creaking!"

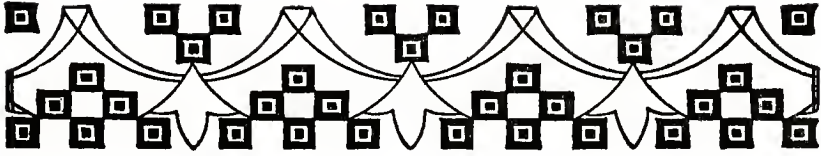
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XCI

**A**H, with the Grape my fading Life provide,  
And wash the Body whence the Life has died,  
And lay me, shrouded in the living Leaf,  
By some not unfrequented Garden-side.





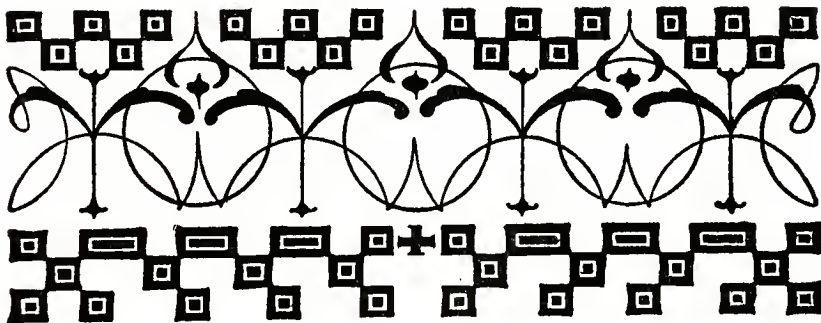


## XCII

**T**HAT ev'n my buried Ashes such a snare  
Of Vintage shall fling up into the Air  
As not a True-believer passing by  
But shall be overtaken unaware.

## XCIII

**I**NDEED the Idols I have loved so long  
Have done my credit in this World much  
wrong:  
Have drown'd my Glory in a shallow Cup,  
And sold my Reputation for a Song.





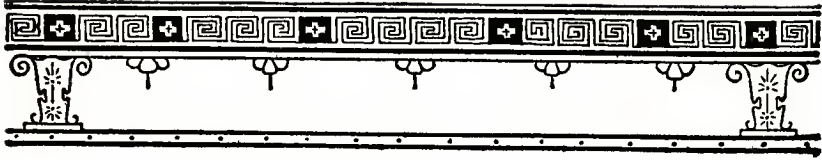










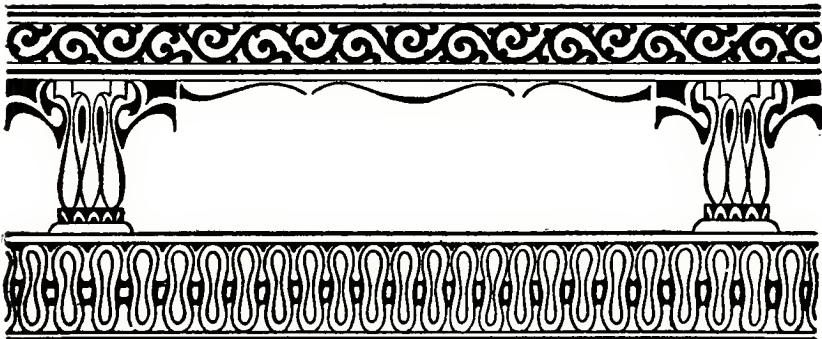


## XCIV

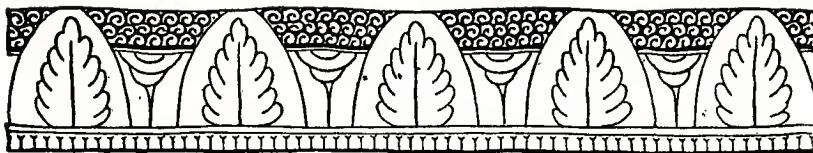
**I**NDEED, indeed, Repentance oft before  
I swore—but was I sober when I swore?  
And then and then came Spring, and Rose-in-  
hand  
My thread-bare Penitence apieces tore.

## XCV

**A**ND much as Wine has play'd the Infidel,  
And robb'd my Robe of Honor—Well,  
I wonder often what the Vintners buy  
One half so precious as the stuff they sell.







## XCVI

**L**ET Ah, that Spring should vanish with the Rose!  
That Youth's sweet-scented manuscript should  
close!

The Nightingale that in the branches sang,  
Ah, whence, and whither flown again, who knows!

## XCVII

**W**OULD but the Desert of the Fountain yield  
One glimpse—if dimly, yet indeed, reveal'd,  
To which the fainting Traveller might spring,  
As springs the trampled herbage of the field!







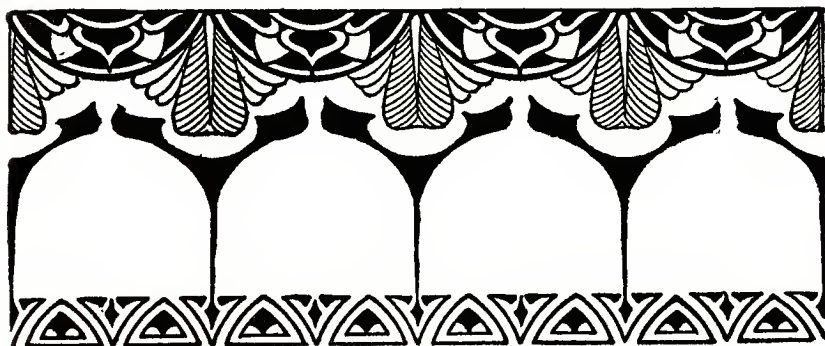
## XCVIII

**W**OULD but some wingéd Angel ere too late  
Arrest the yet unfolded Roll of Fate,  
And make the stern Recorder otherwise  
Enregister, or quite obliterate!

## XCIX

**A**H Love! could you and I with Him conspire  
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,  
Would not we shatter it to bits—and then  
Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's desire!

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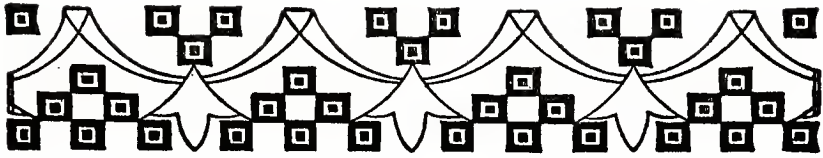












C

**U**ON rising Moon that looks for us again—  
How oft hereafter will she wax and wane;  
How oft hereafter rising look for us  
Through this same Garden—and for *one* in vain!

CI

**A**ND when like her, oh Sáki, you shall pass  
Among the Guests Star-scatter'd on the Grass,  
And in your joyous errand reach the spot  
Where I made One—turn down an empty Glass!

TAMAM

